

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
KILBURN MEMORIAL CONCERT



**THE TORONTO
CONSORT**

— presents —
THE PERFECT AMBASSADOR

November 19, 2012 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, University of Alberta
Canada's leading ensemble specializing in the
Middle Ages, Renaissance, and Early Baroque music.

— FREE ADMISSION —
Space is limited, please secure your seats through
the Department of Music at 780-492-3263 or
www.music.ualberta.ca
(donations will be gladly accepted at the door)

The Perfect Ambassador

The Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Endowment Fund

PROGRAMME

The Perfect Ambassador

Gran Chacona

Juan Arañés
(fl 1620-1649)

Canarios

Anon.

Si amor pone las escalas

Juan del Encina
(1468-1530)

The Letters of Instruction

Tant que vivray

Claudin de Sermisy
(c 1490-1562)

Suite de Branles

Claude Gervaise
(fl 1540-60)

Mon dieu la belle entrée

Anon.

The Dispatch Bag

Fantasia quinto

Alonso Mudarra
(c 1510-1580)

Pastyme with good compayne

Henry VIII
(1491-1547)

O nata lux de lumine

Thomas Tallis
(c 1505-1585)

The Scotchman's dance

Anon.

O lusty May

Anon.

Joy to the person of my love

Anon.

The Gifts

Voluntary

Thomas Tomkins
(1572-1656)

The stormy winds do blow

Anon.

~ Intermission ~

Teresa of Avila

Recercada Segunda	Diego Ortiz (c1510-c.1570)
Passaba Amor	Anon.
Válame Dios	Anon.
Nigra sum sed formosa	Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)
Ay, luna, que reluzes	Anon.

The Ambassador and the Library

Epping Forest/ Huntsuppe/The old mole	Anon.
Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home	Anon.
Nutmegs and Ginger	Anon.

The Republic of the World

Gran Chacona	Juan Arañés (fl 1620-1649)
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The Toronto Consort

Michele DeBoer, soprano
David Fallis, Artistic Director, tenor
Ben Grossman, percussion, vielle à roue
Katherine Hill, soprano, viola da gamba
Paul Jenkins, tenor, harpsichord, organ
Terry McKenna, lute, renaissance and baroque guitars
Alison Melville, recorder
John Pepper, bass
Laura Pudwell, mezzo-soprano
Programme conceived and scripted by Alison Mackay



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

The Perfect Ambassador Program Notes

The magnificent portrait by Hans Holbein which decorates our stage this evening portrays two young visitors to London in the spring of 1533. They have been identified as the French ambassador Jean de Dinteville, and his friend Georges de Selve, the Bishop of Lavaur, who acted from time to time as special envoy of Francois I of France to Emperor Charles V and to the Holy See.

The men are surrounded by scientific and musical instruments, globes, books, and the distorted image of a skull which comes into focus when viewed from a point to the right of the painting. These are objects of importance to properly groomed ambassadors, as outlined by many sixteenth-century writers on the subject who advised that members of the diplomatic corps should be moral, deeply cultured, fluent in a variety of languages, and learned in all branches of secular knowledge – astronomy, architecture, geography, mathematics and music.

The connections between renaissance diplomacy and music are richly illustrated in the documents used in preparing tonight's script. These include guidebooks for the identification and education of prospective diplomats, autobiographies and diaries of ambassadors, diplomatic dispatches describing musical performances, and letters of instruction from kings and queens to their representatives abroad.

Most of the composers represented on the programme were associated with the official world of monarchs and their ambassadors. The royal courts were the most important employers of musicians in sixteenth- century Europe, and the rulers themselves were often accomplished performers. Henry VIII was thoroughly educated as a musician by the time he came to the English throne in 1509 and music featured prominently in ceremonies of all kinds at his court – processions, meetings of heads of state, feasts, plays, and special court entertainments. By 1547 Henry had 58 musicians in his employ. He himself played the organ, lute and virginals (a small keyboard instrument in the harpsichord family of plucked instruments). "Pastime with good company" is a charming example of his 34 surviving compositions.

The courts of Europe also maintained royal chapels with rich sacred repertoires of organ solos, motets, masses and music for divine offices such as matins and vespers. The Venetian ambassador reported that Henry heard holy office each day in the queen's chamber. This type of private devotion included music such as "O nata lux", a 10th c. hymn for the office of Lauds on the Feast of the Transfiguration. The choral setting in tonight's concert was composed by Thomas Tallis who served in the royal chapels of Henry VIII, Mary Tudor and Elizabeth I.

Queen Elizabeth was also an accomplished musician whose vanity was piqued by the thought that her cousin Mary Queen of Scots might be a better player on the virginals. The scene is set for the charming encounter between Elizabeth and the Scottish ambassador Sir James Melville with a mixture of Scottish and English airs– an anonymous English country dance tune, and the Scots songs *O Lusty May* and *Joy to the person of my love*.

Elaborate keyboard instruments and lutes were highly esteemed as ambassadorial gifts and musicians often went on diplomatic missions in order to maintain and perform on them. Travel to distant climates and cultures posed unusual challenges – hot and humid climates sometimes caused glue joints to come apart, and performers faced the dilemma of having to turn their backs on host monarchs in order to perform for them at the keyboard. Thomas Dallam, the builder of the organ in King's college Cambridge was sent with the English ambassador on a mission to Constantinople with a 16-foot chamber organ that he built for the Sultan of Turkey as a gift from Elizabeth. Dallam also built the organ of Worcester Cathedral where Thomas Tomkins, composer of the organ voluntary included in our programme, was resident organist.

The music of renaissance Spain is featured in our concert in several contexts. The Chacona which begins and ends the concert was composed by Juan Aranes, who was employed by an early seventeenth-century Spanish ambassador during a mission to the Vatican. A century earlier, the monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella forged diplomatic connections with German, Italian, English and Dutch heads of state in order to consolidate their alliances in the face of French hegemony. In spite of later tensions between the Spanish and English thrones, many Spanish ambassadors in England became famous London characters and the tradition of long-serving resident ambassadors was carried on into the time of Charles V and Philip II. These monarchs, who were deeply cultured and fervently Catholic helped to foster a golden age in Spanish philosophy, art, music and literature, both in the secular realm of Cervantes and in the religious world of Teresa of Avila, whose writings have become monuments of renaissance culture. Teresa is included in our concert because of her role as a travelling ambassador of the Carmelite order, which in 1605 commissioned the building of the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria in Rome. Teresa's fevered mysticism as expressed in her autobiographical works inspired Bernini to create his famous statue of the Ecstasy of Saint Teresa in the Cornaro Chapel of this church. Her poetry was deeply influenced by the language of the Song of Songs, the source for the beautiful motet *Nigra sum sed formosa* by the most famous counter-reformation composer, Tomás Luis de Victoria, also a native of Avila. Teresa of Avila's manuscripts were preserved in one of the great cultural monuments of sixteenth-century Spain, the Escorial library. Many treasures of the Spanish renaissance were also collected for the Oxford University Bodleian Library, named for its generous sponsor Thomas Bodley, the long serving ambassador of the Elizabethan court to the Netherlands. In spite of his fierce English partisanship Bodley used his ambassadorial connections to acquire books and manuscripts from countries around the world in the interest of a cosmopolitan erudition which recognized the literary, scientific and philosophical contributions of many cultures. This was a world view reflected in the quotation which ends our concert, from the lectures of the sixteenth-century Salamanca professor and monk Francisco de Vitoria, considered to be one of the founders of the concept of international law: "We should not doubt that the world as a whole is one community – one single republic possessing the right to prescribe rules for all its members - laws which are equal, just and fitting for all citizens of the world."

Gran Chacona, Part 1

Es chacona un son gustoso
de consonancias graciosas
que en oyen dole tañer
todos mis hueses Retoçan.

*A la vida, vidita bona
Vida, lamonos a chacona*

No ay fraile tan recoxido
ni monja tan Relixiosa
que en oyendo aqueste son
no dexen sus santas oras.
Quentase de un relixioso
que estando cantando nona
en el coro con los frailes
dixo acaso vida bona.
Y la famo lo pregona.

Los frailes quando an oydo
esta voz tan sonorosa
arriaman todos los mantos
haçiendo mil cabriolas.
Bailaron todo aquel dia
sin aver comido cosa
y si el son no les quitaran
baylando fueran agora.
Y la fama lo pregona.

A la vida ...

Chacona is a pleasant sound
of sweet chords
and every time I hear it played
all my bones frolic.

*To life, the good life,
Life, let's go to Chacona*

There is no monk who is so pure
nor such a holy nun
who when they hear this sound
wouldn't leave off praying.
They tell of a religious man
who was singing nones
in the choir with the monks, when by
chance he sang out, "Vida bona."
And word gets around.

The monks when they heard
such a sonorous voice
wrapped their cloaks around themselves
and turned somersaults
They danced all that day,
not even stopping to eat,
and if the sound had not stopped
they would be dancing yet,
And word gets around.

To life...

Part 2

Tambien se quanta de un cura
que enterrando una pastora
por decir requiem heternam
dixo acaso vida bona.
El sacristan que a oydo
esta voz tan sonorosa
arrima a un lado la cruz
haçienda mil jerigoncas
y la fama lo pregona.

Los que llevavan la muerta
puestos de una parte y otra
haçen tantos demeneos
que era cosa milagrosa.
Tambien diçen que la muert

alço la caveça toda
queste endemoniado son
a los muertos alborota.
Y la fama pregona.

A la vida...

Confusos y arrepentidos
de una tan horrible cosa
fueron apedir perdon
al Obispo de Pamplona.
El Obispo que los vida
mandoles cantar docoplas
apenas cantaron una
el Obispo se alborota.
Y la fama lo pregona.

Levanto luego el roquete
y bailo más de una ora
alborotando la casa
coçinas salas y alcobas.
Toda la casa contenta
bailaron cinco o seis oras
y al fin detanta alegría
el Obispo los perdona.
Y la fama lo pregona.

A la vida ...

Si amor

Si amor pone las escalas
al muro del corazón,
¡no ay ninguna defensión!

Si amor quiere dar combate
con su poder y firmeza,
no ay fuerça ni Fortaleza
que no tome o desbarate,
o que no hiera o no mate
al que no se da a presión,
¡no ay ninguna defensión!

They also tell of a priest
who was burying a shepherdess:
instead of intoning "Rest in peace."
he cried out "Vida bona."
The sacristan who heard
such a sonorous voice
put the cross off to one side
and did a lot of nonsense.
And word gets around.

Those who bore the woman's body
standing in two lines,
made such wiggling motions that
it was a wondrous thing.
It is said that this dead woman

lifted her whole head,
because this sound, coming from the
devil, causes even the dead to dance
And word gets around.

To life...

Confused and repentant
of such an awful thing,
they went to ask forgiveness
from the bishop of Pamplona.
The bishop when he saw them
ordered them to sing two stanza:
but after they had sung just one
the bishop started to get agitated.
And word gets around.

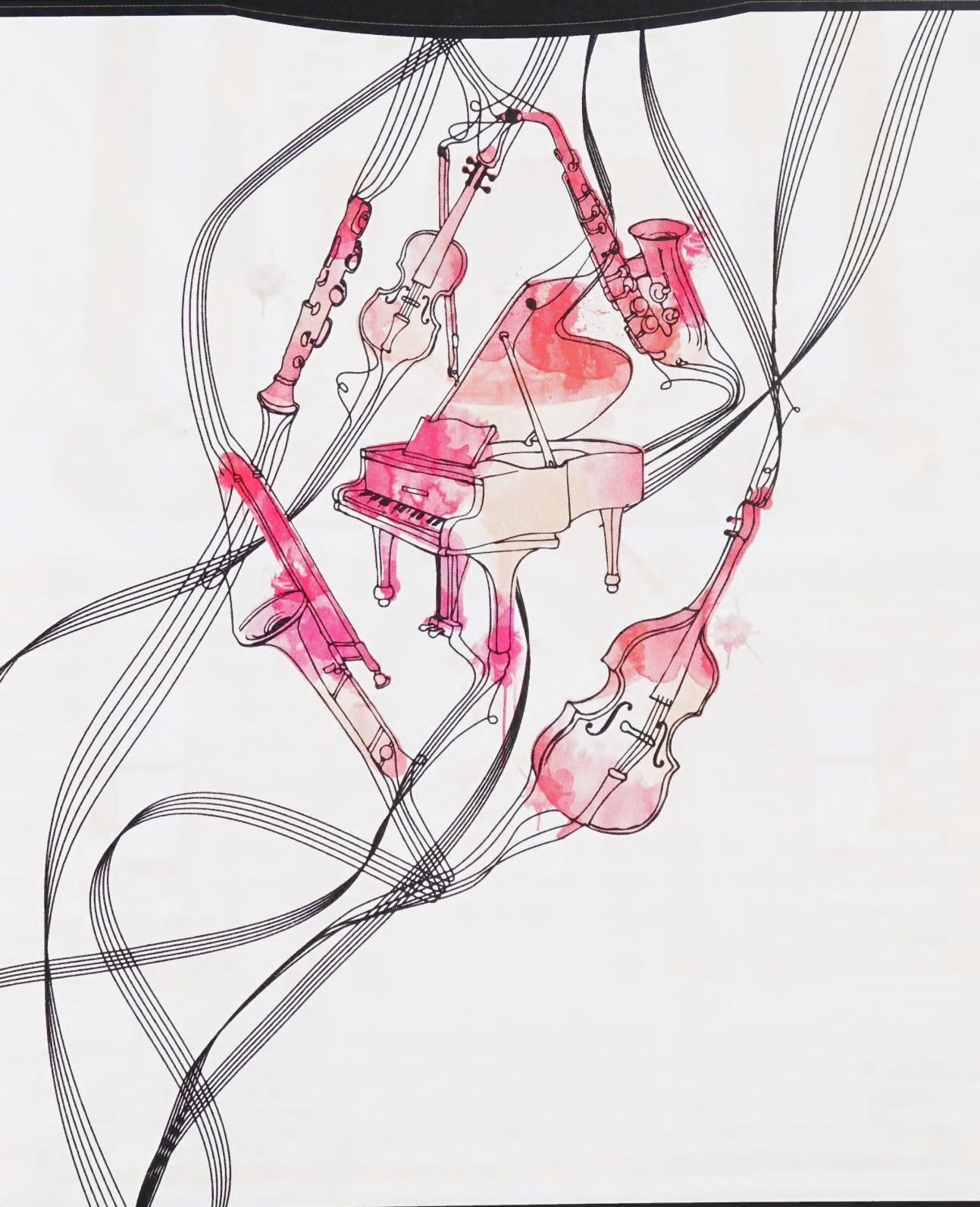
He lifted up his skirts and danced
for more than one whole hour,
shaking the whole house,
bedrooms, kitchens, parlors.
Everyone in the place happily
danced this way for five or six hours,
and at the end of such great fun
the bishop forgave them all.
And word gets around.

To life ...

If Love places ladders
against the wall of the heart
there is no defence!

If Love wants to give combat,
with its power and fortitude
there is no force or stronghold
which it cannot take or destroy,
or which it cannot control or kill,
which will not yield to the pressure:
there is no defence!

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
MUSIC AT CONVOCATION HALL



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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC MUSIC AT CONVOCATION HALL

CLASSIC SERIES PRESENTING FACULTY TALENT AND GUEST ARTISTS.

Monday, November 19, 2012 at 8 pm

Kilburn Memorial Concert: The Toronto Consort presents
The Perfect Ambassador.

Free Admission.

Secure seats through 780-492-3263 or www.music.ualberta.ca

Friday, January 11, 2013 at 8 pm

Jacques Després (piano), and Andrew Wan (violin)
present Beethoven's Complete Piano and Violin Sonatas, Part One.

Saturday, January 26, 2013 at 8 pm

Janet Scott Hoyt (piano) with guests Stephen Bryant (violin), Sue Jane Bryant (viola), Tanya Prochazka (cello), Dennis Prime (clarinet) present Music Among Friends featuring chamber music by Brahms.

Saturday, February 2, 2013 at 8 pm

Dennis Prime (clarinet) with guest artists, present Wind Players.

Saturday, February 9, 2013 at 8 pm

Guillaume Tardiff (violin), and Roger Admiral (piano) present
Breaking New Paths for Violin.

Saturday, March 2, 2013 at 8 pm

Trio Voce Patricia Tao (piano), Jasmine Lin (violin), and Marina Hoover (cello) present Piano Trios from Central Europe: Suk, Zemlinsky, Schubert.

Friday, March 22, 2013 at 8 pm

Faculty composers Dr. Howard Bashaw, Dr. Mark Hannesson, Dr. Scott Smallwood and Dr. Andriy Talpash present Ultra, a program of innovative new sonic experiments.

Convocation Hall is one of Edmonton's oldest performance venues, located in the Old Arts Building on the North University of Alberta campus.

Tickets: \$20 Adults | \$15 Seniors | \$10 Students
available at the door and by phone 780-492-3263

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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
MUSIC AT THE WINSPEAR



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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

MUSIC AT THE WINSPEAR

SHOWCASING STUDENT TALENT IN A WORLD CLASS VENUE.

Monday, February 4, 2013 at 8 pm

The University Symphony Orchestra presents *Brrrrahms* (February, get it?).

Conductor: Petar Dundjerski

Sunday, February 10, 2013 at 2 pm

The Symphonic Wind Ensemble and Concert Band present a program of 20th century band arrangements with special high school guests the Northern Alberta Honour Band.

Conductor: Dennis Prime

Friday, April 5, 2013 at 8 pm

The Indian and West African Music Ensembles present a *World Music Sampler*.

Directed by: Sharmila Mathur and Robert Kpogo.

Sunday, April 7, 2013 at 8 pm

The University Symphony Orchestra, Madrigal Singers and Concert Choir present *Mozart Grand Mass in C-Minor*.

Directed by: Petar Dundjerski and Dr. Leonard Ratzlaff

The Francis Winspear Centre for Music is located in downtown Edmonton at 4 Sir Winston Churchill Square.

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Sin partidos, con partidos,
con sus tratos o sin trato,
gana y vence en poco rato
la razón y los sentidos;

los sentidos ya vencidos,
sojuzgada la razón,
¡no ay ninguna defensión!

Con halagos y temores,
con su fuerza y su poder,
de los que han de defender
haze más sus servidores,
pues las guardas son traydores
y cometan traición,
¡no ay ninguna defensión!

Son sus fuerzas tan forcosas
que fuerçan lo más que fuerte,
puede dar vida y dar muerte,
puede dar penas penosas;
a sus fuerzas poderosas,
si pone fe y afición,
¡no ay ninguna defensión!

Tant que vivray

Tant que vivray en âge florissant,
Je serviray d'amour le dieu puissant,
En faictz, et dictz, en chansons,
et accords.
Par plusieurs fois m'a tenu languissant,
Mais après dueil m'a faict réjouyssant,
Car j'ay l'amour de la belle
au gent corps.

Son alliance
C'est ma fiance:
Son cœur est mien
Le mien est sien:
Fi de tristesse,
Vive lyesse,
Puis qu'en amour a tant de bien.

Quand je la veux servir, et honorer,
Quand par escripts veux son nom
décorer,
Quand je la veoy, et visite souvent,
Les envieux n'en font que murmurer,
Mais notre amour ne'en sçauroit moins
durer,
Aultant ou plus en emporte le vent.

Malgré envie, toute ma vie
Je l'aimeray, et chanteray,
C'est la premiere, c'est la dernière
Que j'ai servi et serviray.

Without asking or with asking,
by agreement or without it,
it overcomes and defeats in short order
both reason and feelings;

reason is subjugated,
there is no defence!

With flattery and fears
with its force and power,
it makes slaves of those who
were supposed to defend,
for the guards are traitors
and commit treason;
there is no defence!

With its forces so powerful
which constrict the strong,
it can give life and give death,
it can give painful troubles;
to its omnipotent forces
it adds faith and ardour;
there is no defence!

As long as I live flourishing
I will serve the powerful God of Love
in actions and words, in song
and harmonies.
Many times he kept me languishing
but after mourning made me rejoice
for I have the love of a beautiful woman.

An alliance with her
that is my pledge.
Her heart is mine
and mine is hers.
Away with sadness,
long live joy,
for in love there is so much good.

When I want to serve and honour her,
when with fine words I want to praise her
name,
when I see her and visit her often,
envious people murmur about it,
but our love won't endure any less;

let the wind carry rumours where it will.

Despite envy , all my life
I will love and I will sing,
"She is the first, she is the last
that I serve and will serve."

Mon Dieu la belle entrée

Mon Dieu la belle Entrée
de l'ambassade François!
Les rues etoient bordées
de cent mille bourgeois,
les Prevots de la ville,
les echevins aussi;
en cette belle entrée
n'ont-ils pas réussi?

Au Faubourg Saint Antoine
etoit un beau dais
tout couvert de Bergame
pour en cacher les ais;
la fringe etoit si belle
quel' ressemblloit fin or;
les sieges toient de même
qui reluisoient bien fort.

Au bout d'une grande bande
un miracle nouveau;
a une grosse corde
pedoit un grand tableau
ou etait l'effigie
du prevot des marchants,
des echevins de ville
et de bien d'autres gens.

Sur le Pont Notre Dame
en magnifique arroi
tant de petites eculles
ils ont placé nos Rois
au milieu des grands homes
tout les bras estendus
portons dessus leaurs tetes
des panniers de fruits crus.

Passetyme with good compayne

Passetyme with good compayne
I love, and shall until I dye;
Grugge who wyll, but none deny,
So God be pleeyd, this lyfe wyll I:
For my pastaunce,
Hunt, syng, and daunce,
My hert ys sett;
All godeley sport,
To my comfort,
Who shall me lett?

Youth wyll have nedes dalyaunce,
Of good or yll some pastaunce,
Companye me thynketh them best,
All thouts and fantasyes to dygest.
For ydleness,
Ys chef mastres
Of vices all:
Then who can say,
But passe the day
Ys best of all?

My lord, the glorious procession
of the French ambassadors!
The streets were lined
with one hundred thousand citizens,
the Provosts of the city
and the aldermen also;
in this glorious entry
have they not succeeded?

In the Saint Antoine quarter
was a very beautiful dais
all covered with bergame tapestry
to hide the boards;
the fringe was so pretty
that it looked like pure gold;
the seats were of the same stuff,
which shone brightly.

At the end of the great crowd,
a new miracle:
from a stout rope
hung a huge painting
where there were representations
of the provosts, of the merchants,
the aldermen of the city,
and many others as well.

On the Notre Dame bridge
in magnificent array, on
a great many small platters
they had placed our kings
in the middle of tall men
with their arms stretched out,
carrying upon their heads
trays of fresh fruit.

Pastime with good company
I love and shall unto I die;
Grudge who will, but none deny
So God be pleased, thus live will I.
For my pastance
Hunt, song, and dance
My heart is set,
All goodly sport
To my comfort
Who shall stop me?

Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or ill, some pastance;
Company methink then best
All thoughts and fancies to digest:
For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all
Then who can say
But to pass the day
Is best of all?

Company with honeste,
Ys vertu and vye to flee;
Company ys gode or yll,
But ev'ry man hath hys frewylle;
The best I sew,
The worst eschew,
My mynd shall be:
Vertue to use,
Vyne to refuse,
I shall use me.

Company with honesty
Is virtue and vice to flee;
Company is good or ill
But every man hath his free will.
I seek the best,
I eschew the worst,
My mind shall be:
To use virtue
Vice to refuse,
Thus shall I be.

O nata lux de lumine

O nata lux de lumine, Jesu redemptor
saeculi,
Dignare clemens supplicum laudes
precesque sumere. Qui carne quondam
contegi dignatus es pro perditis,
Nos membra confer effici tui beati
corporis.

Te vox paterna caelitus,
suum vocavit filium,
Quem nos fideli pectore regem
fatemur caelitum.
Concede nobis quaesumus almis
micare moribus,
Ut ad polorum gaudia bonis
vehamur actibus.

O light born of light, Jesus the world's
redeemer,
Mercifully deign to accept your
supplicants' praises and prayers.
Who once deigned to be clad in flesh for
the sake of the lost,
Grant us to be made members of your
blessed body

The Father's voice from heaven called
you his Son,
Whom we with faithful heart confess
the king of heaven's hosts.
Grant us, we pray, to shine in
holiness of life
That by good works we may be borne
to heaven's joys.

O lusty May

1. O lusty May with Flora quene
the balmy drops from Phebus schene
Preluciand bemes befoir the day, the day,
be that Diana grow is grene
thru glaidnes of this lusty May.

3. All luvaris that ar in cair
to thair ladeis thay do repair
in fresch mornyngs befoir the day,
befoir the day, the day
and ar in mirth ay and mair,
thru' glaidnes...

2. Birdis on bews of ev'ry birth
rejosing notes, makand thair mirth
richt plesantly upoun the spray,
upoun the spray, the spray,
with flurissings our field and firth
thru' glaidnes...

4. Of all the moneths of the year
to mirthful May there is no peer
Hir glistring garments are so gay,
they are so gay, so gay.
You luvars all mak mirrie cheer
thru' glaidnes...

Joy to the person of my love

1. Joy to the person of my love
altho she me disdain.
Shall I lose the sight of
my joy and heart's delight?
Or shall I leave my sute?
Oh woe is me that ever I did see
the beauty that did me bewitch.
Fixt are my thoughts and may not move
and yet I love in vain.
Shall I strive to touch?
Oh, no, it were too much:
She is forbidden fruit.
Yet outlace! I must forgo that face
the treasour esteem'e so much.

2. O shal I range into some dale
or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes shal resound my tale.
Ah, whither shall I turn?
Shal I by her live no life to me will give
but deeply wounds my heart?
If I flee away, ah, will she not cry, Stay!
My sorrows to convert?
Oh, no, no, no, she will not once say so
but comfortless I must be gone.
Yet though she be so thrawart unto me
I'le love her or I will love none

3. A thousand good fortuns fal to her share
 although she hath rejected me
 and fill'd my sad heart full of dispaire
 yet ever shall I constant be,
 For she is the Dame my tongue shall ever name
 fair branch of modestie,
 choise of heart and mind, oh, were she half so kind
 then would she pitie me.
 Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chast
 and let me in thy bosom dwell.
 So shall we gain the pleasur of love's pain.
 Till then, my deirest deir, farewell.

Stormy Winds

1. You gentle folk of England
 that lives at home at ease
 Full little do you think upon
 the dangers of the seas
 Give ear unto the Mariners
 And we will plainly show
 The cares and all the worries when
 The stormy winds do blow
 2. All you who'd go upon the seas
 Must bear a valiant heart
 For when you feel the bracing breeze
 You must not shake or start
 You may no be faint-hearted
 In the rain or hait or snow
 And never shrink for fear we'll sink
 When the stormy winds do blow
 3. We visit foreign potentates
 in all their pong and glory
 We brave the brigand reprobates
 the pirates grim and glory
 To guard our nation's honour
 we our safety will forego
 An ocean grave we'll gladly brave
 when the stormy winds do blow

Pasaba Amor

Pasaba Amor, su arco desarmado,
 los ojos bajos, blando y muy modesto;
 dejábame ya atrás muy descuidado.
 ¡Cuán poco espacio pude gozar esto!
 Fortuna, de envidiosa, dijo luego:
 -“Teneos, Amor. ¿Por qué pasáis tan presto?”
 Estaba ciego Amor, mas bien me vido;
 tan ciego le vea yo que a nadie vea.
 que así cegó mi alma y mi sentido.

Válame Dios

Válame Dios, que los ángeles buelan,
 válame Dios, que saben volar!
 Angeles del cielo vi que por el ayre,
 con lindo donayre, hacían su beulo,
 y con gran consuelo cantan y buelan.
 Válame Dios...
 Hazen mill mudanzas
 cantan mill canciones,
 y con varios sones
 resuenansus danzas;
 dan mill alabanzas,
 cantan y buelan.

Válame Dios...

4. We'll sail to foreign shores amain
 to purchase spices rare
 We sometimes gain to France or Spain
 for wines beyond compare
 While gallants are carousing all
 in taverns in a row
 It's then we sweep all o're the deep
 when the stormy winds do blow
 5. The lawyer and the userer
 That sits in gowns of fur
 In closets warm can take no harm
 Abroad they need not stir
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce
 And beats with hail and snow
 We pray to be sure we'll all endure
 When the stormy winds do blow
 6. When we return to England with
 our wages for our pains
 The vintner and the tapster both
 will help to share our gains
 We'll call for liquor roundly and
 we'll pray before we go,
 We'll rant some more and roar on the
 shore when the stormy winds do blow

Love passed by with his brow
 unsheathed, his eyes downcast, mild and
 modest, he carelessly left me behind.
 How little time I had to enjoy!
 Envious Fate then said,
 “Stay, Love, why leave so soon?”
 Love was blind, but he saw me well
 enough. I, who sees no one, saw him
 blindly, and so he blinded my soul and
 senses.

*Lord bless me, how the angels fly,
 bless me, how they know how to fly!
 I see the heavenly angels in the air
 with graceful charm making their flight
 and with great delight they sing and fly
 Lord bless me...
 They make a thousand turns,
 they sing a thousand songs,
 and with myriad tones
 their dances resound;
 they sing a thousand praises,
 they sing and fly.*

Lord bless me...

Nigra sum sed formosa

Nigra sum sed formosa,
filia Jerusalem.
Ideo dilexit me rex
et introduxit me in cubiculum suum
et dixit mihi:
surge amica mea, et veni
jam hiems transiit
imber abiit et recessit,
flores apparuerunt in terra nostra,
tempus putationis advenit.

Ay luna que reluzes

Ay luna que reluzes,
toda la noche m'alumbres!
Ay luna que reluzes,
blanca y plateada,
la llena de gracia
toda la noche m'alumbres!
Ay luna tan bella,
alúbresme a la sierra.

Lord Willoughby

The fifteenth day of July,
with glistering speare and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
was foughten in the field:
The most courageous officers
was English Captains three;
But the bravest man in Battel
was brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
this fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
that they could fight no more:
And then upon dead Horses
full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
they could no better get.

The sharp steel-pointed Arrows,
and Bullets thick did flye,
Then did our valiant Souldiers
charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
they thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
"Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all,
if here we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,
with courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way,
for all the Devils in Hell."

I am black but beautiful,
daughters of Jerusalem.
Therefore the king delights in me
and he hath brought me into his chamber
and said to me:
Arise my love and come away
for the winter is passed,
the harsh rains are over and gone,
flowers appear in our land,
the time of pruning is come.

Ah bright shing moon,
may you illuminate me all through the
night! Ah bright shining moon,
white and covered in silver
full of grace,
may you illuminate me throughout the
night! Ah moon so beautiful,
may you illuminate me on the
mountaintop.

And then the fearful enemy
was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
and caught their forces quite:
But at last they gave a shout,
which ecchoed through the sky
"God and St. George for England!"
the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England,
with all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
of this same victory:
"O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
my love that ever won,
Of all the Lords of honour,
'tis he great deeds hath done."

Then courage, noble English men,
and never be dismied,
If that we be but one to ten,
we will not be afraid
To fight with forraign Enemies,
and set our Nation free,
And thus I end the bloody bout
of brave Lord Willoughby

